

CALL IT A LOAN.

BY ANTHONY E. ENDERSON.

Nan Kendall held her pretty brown head on one side, and critically examined the picture which she had just finished.

The easel stood by the open window, through which the scent of lilacs was borne into the low, old-fashioned parlor. Her box of color tubes stood on the floor beside the easel, and the palette and brushes, with the paint moist and odorless upon them, lay upon a small table near by.

"Yes," she said, with a self-satisfied smile, using the mahalisk to aid her as she enumerated the good points of her picture, "I think it will pass muster, mother dear. Confess now that I manage those bits of sunlight and shade with the skill of an old master! And am I not represented 'as large as life, only more so'?"

"And what would you call it, dear?" asked Mrs. Kendall, a fair, brown-haired widow, who looked very like her daughter.

"Under the Lilacs, I think. It doesn't look very modest, I suppose, to paint one's self; but in the dearth of models, I was compelled to do so."

"As if a prettier model could be desired!" exclaimed Mrs. Kendall, with motherly pride.

Yes, it was a pretty model, and a very pretty bit of painted canvas. Overhead hung great bunches of the fragrant lilac blooms, framing an exquisite, smiling, girlish face. Her head was stretched upward, and the loose sleeve had slipped carelessly back, disclosing the white, rounded arm. Her apron was almost filled with great, odorous lilac bunches, while she was just in the act of plucking another. Over all the sunlight streamed—warm, bright, golden.

"I shall go to New York with myself," said Nan, "and make—oh, ever so much money on it, mother dear! Then we shall have a new carpet; for this one, though almost hidden by rugs unnumerable, is undeniably shabby. And I shall get my piano tuned, and buy those new waltzes Hetty spoke about last week, and I'm sure I don't know what all. I think the fates that they have decreed old furniture to be very stylish and 'nice,' for I'm afraid I won't get enough to buy anything new in that direction."

"Don't build too many air castles, Nannette," said her mother, warningly, "for you may be disappointed, after all."

But brave little Nannette's hopefulness was not to be dashed in the least. She had worked so long on this picture; had been so painstaking. Surely in the great city ten miles away there must be some one who would admire it and buy it.

Not a week later Mr. Curtis Van Tassels sauntered leisurely into one of the downtown cafes, toward dusk, and settled himself, with a dissatisfied sigh, at one of the numerous small tables, covered with whitest, softest damask, and glittering with silver.

During the past week, notwithstanding the fact that it was early in spring, and Mr. Van Tassels' affairs had suffered more than a little. Hence his unwonted perturbation of mind.

So preoccupied was he that he did not notice he had a vis-a-vis, till coffee and rolls had been brought him.

The cloud lifted suddenly from his handsome forehead, and he glanced with deep interest at the girl opposite him—Nannette Kendall herself. Curtis thought it was one of the most beautiful faces he had ever seen—exquisite in its modeling, perfect in its contour. Her eyes looked sad and disappointed, as if ready to drop tears.

Yes, Nan, had met with a great disappointment. She had been unable to dispose of the picture round which her hopes had centered so long, and now she must return home even poorer than before.

She had walked about the city all day, not quite despairing of success until the approach of evening. Then, fearful lest her mother might be anxious, she had left the picture at a kind-hearted bookseller's, who had promised to sell it for her if possible. She had decided to take the 5 o'clock train, but she had missed it, and now even her brave heart quailed a little at thought of riding home alone at night on the cars.

Faint for lack of food, she had entered the cafe, never dreaming she was guilty of extravagance unparalleled, as it was one of the most fashionable, expensive restaurants in the city.

Poor Nannette! her head was aching, her nerves tingling; her eyes were hot with unshed tears of mortification and disappointment. What a relief it would have been if she could have indulged in a good, hearty cry! But even that little boon was denied her in this great bustling hurrying, noisy city. (The adjectives are Nan's own.)

Her repast finished, Nan put her hand into her pocket for her shabby little purse. The next moment she uttered an exclamation of terror and dismay.

The purse and money were both gone.

Her waiter stood beside her with outstretched hands, a faint smile of incredulity on his smooth countenance. People who couldn't read and their purses were by no means rare.

"But I have lost it!" faltered poor Nan, pale and trembling with genuine terror and distress; or else some one has stolen it from me—my purse with five dollars in it.

Curtis Van Tassels had heard every word. He looked at Nan critically, and at the same time sympathetically. The troubled looked in the brown eyes was so painfully apparent that he did not for a moment share the waiter's suspicion.

A brilliant idea came to him.—Stooping down, quick as thought

he abstracted a five dollar bill from his own wallet.

Nan had not seen the action, but the quick-witted waiter had.

"I beg your pardon?" said Curtis quickly and courteously, "but I think this must be the missing bill. I found it besides your chair just now. Doubtless you have taken it out of your own purse, laid it beside your plate, and then forgotten it. Very luckily I chanced to look down."

"How can I ever thank you, sir?" Nan exclaimed, while the servant gave Curtis a slight wink, and discreetly kept all knowledge of the little ruse to himself. So long as he was paid it was no business of his from whose pocket the money came.

"But a diligent search on Nan's part, aided by both the waiter and Curtis Van Tassels, brought no purse to light, and she was compelled to go home without it. How the money could be there and not the purse, was a mystery she was unable to solve.

Only a day or two later Curtis was passing Harrison's book store when a painting in the window attracted his attention. Its execution was graceful and vigorous, but it was the central figure in it that he noticed. It was the very girl he had met at the cafe.

"I am a fool!" he thought, as he entered and asked the price of the picture. But for all that he bought it, paying \$100 for it, though Mr. Harrison declared that the artist would consider seventy-five dollars a magnificent sum.

"Very fine indeed," Mr. Harrison said, volubly, glad of a chance to make a bargain, even if brought no money into his own pocket, and a perfect likeness of the artist, Miss Kendall, sir. If she wasn't poor as a church mouse the world would have heard of her long ago, I'll be bound."

Curtis thought so, too, and wanted very much to know Miss Kendall's address, but he did not say so.

"My mother has long wished to have her portrait painted," he said artfully; "but she wants it to be the work of lady's brush. Do you think if I sent Miss Kendall her photograph, she would copy an oil portrait from it?"

"She would only be too glad, I guess, Mr. Van Tassels," said Mr. Harrison, effusively; "and you couldn't get a lady better fitted for the work than she."

And Nan worked diligently and happily on her first order, never dreaming by what chain of circumstances the loss of her shabby purse had brought all this good fortune.

She knew nothing about Mr. Van Tassels, except that he had purchased "Under the Lilacs," and was so pleased with it that he wanted his mother's portrait from the same brush.

"I hope he will like it," she said, on the very afternoon when Curtis Van Tassels was coming for the finished picture. "I have certainly done my best."

Mr. Van Tassels did like it, and he liked the little artist, too, so well that he came again, on one pretext or another.

And before many months he had asked Nan Kendall to marry him, and she had answered "Yes."

"Nan!" said Curtis, quizzically, one day, "did you ever lose five dollars?"

Nan started and laughed.

"What do you mean, Curtis?" she said. "No; but I thought I did last spring."

"Thought you did?" Curtis exclaimed. "Why, didn't you really lose it?"

"Curtis, you are not the gentleman!"

Nan stopped.

"Yes," nodded Curtis Van Tassels, with smiling lips.

"I have sometimes wondered where I have seen you before. Oh, it was monstrous of you to deceive me as you did! I don't think I can ever forgive you!"

"Oh, yes, you can!" said Curtis, confidently. "But how do you know I ever deceived you?"

"Mr. Harrison sent me my purse the very next day, with the five dollars intact. I had left it on one of his counters. I felt very angry with you then, and if I had known you, I would have sent the money you gave me right back."

"And now that you do know me, you are going to give yourself to me instead?" exclaimed Curtis, triumphantly. "It was only a loan, you see!"

The Grant Boys and their Wives.

Gen Grant's three sons are all married. Col. Frederick Dent Grant married Miss Honore, a beautiful and wealthy Chicago girl. They have been married several years and live at Morristown, N. J. in a spacious house surrounded by well kept grounds. On Tuesday evening, the night before the failure of the firm, Col. and Mrs. Fred Grant attended a reception where Mrs. Grant was wearing her exquisite costume and diamond jewels. The next morning she was almost penniless.

Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., married some five years ago, in this city, Miss Chaffee, the only daughter of ex-Senator Jerome B. Chaffee. Miss Chaffee's mother died when she was yet a child, and she was brought up by her father's sister. She was educated at various schools but spent most of her school life at the Packer Institute in Brooklyn. There she was much beloved by the pupils and was noted for her generosity. Her father visited her frequently and would leave her \$50 or 100 dollars each time. Then, of course, the girls were treated to all sorts of good things, to new gloves and bonnets and pounds of caramels. Miss Chaffee left Packer for Heidelberg, Germany, where she remained for some time. She speaks German fluently, and is a good pianist. She passed three seasons in Washington and although she was a great belle, yet she never has been entangled in the slightest flirtation. She and Ulysses met, and after a short and sweet courtship were quietly married in this city. They have two

beautiful little children, and are at present residing at West Fifty-eighth street. Mrs. U. S. Grant, Jr., is now about twenty-four years of age. She is of medium height and fair, although not a decided blonde. Her eyes are a deep blue, shaded by long lashes, and her hair is a light brown, showing golden tints. She has a fresh complexion and her face is very winning in expression. She does not care at all for society, and gives her entire attention to her husband and children. On her marriage she received her fortune of 400,000 which is all lost.

Jesse Grant, the youngest son of the general, married a few years ago Miss Alice Chapman, of California, daughter of a bonanza king. She is young and handsome, and was reared in the midst of every luxury. Her wedding trousseau is said to have been the most costly ever owned by an American girl. They are residing at present at No. 2, Sixty-sixth street east, with Gen. and Mrs. Grant. Miss Chapman came into a large fortune at her marriage, but how much of it has been saved is not yet known.—N. Y. Journal.

The Kittleston Tragedy.

ZUMBOTA, Minn., May 26.—The following particulars of the Kittleston wife murder and suicide near Lena station, Saturday, were brought out at the coroner's inquest:

Elling Erickson, a son of Mrs. Kittleston by a former marriage, was in the field planting corn when his two younger half brothers, aged eight and ten, came and told him that Kittleston had struck his wife with a hatchet. When he arrived at the house he found his mother sitting against the wall in the kitchen, dead, with a comb clutching in her hand with which she had evidently been coming her hair when her husband struck her. Kittleston was on his hands and knees immediately in front of her, and bleeding profusely from a wound in his throat. When he saw Elling coming in he held up the hatchet and pointed to his head as though he wished him to take and put him out of his misery. The young man sent his younger brothers out to announce the news. Kittleston held out his hand to Elling as though to say good by, but Elling did not take it as it was covered with his mother's blood. After remaining a few minutes in the same position as when first found Kittleston fell on his face dead. It was at first supposed that the hatchet was the only weapon used, but a razor was discovered in a dark corner between the wood box and the sink, with bloody finger marks on the floor, indicating that Kittleston had reached for it while on his hands and knees. Mrs. Kittleston had received two cuts from the hatchet, either of which was sufficient to cause death. One on the right side of her head, cutting the upper part of her ear in two and entering the head apparently the full length of the blade, and the other on the right side of her neck in the edge of her hair. This was the worst gash, being three or four inches long and very deep. Her throat was also cut, evidently with the razor. Kittleston had three cuts in his throat, two on one side, and the third from ear to ear, almost severing the head from the body. One of the younger boys says that Kittleston first struck his wife with the hatchet, whereupon he came outside and gave him his pocket book, telling him to take care of it. The boy immediately started for the field, and Kittleston went back into the house and finished his bloody work. The bodies were left in nearly the same position as when found until the arrival of the coroner. The cause seems to have been a quarrel about the disposition of the property when they should separate, as they had intended to do. Kittleston claimed that the property should all go to the children by his first wife, and she demanded at least a share for her children by her first husband. The neighbors all say that Kittleston was peaceable, patient and temperate and a good citizen, while his wife was a source of constant trouble and annoyance to him. He had been heard to remark of late that he feared that he should have to kill himself. It was the most shocking affair that ever transpired in this community.

A Criminal Baron.

LONDON, May 23.—Lord St. Leonards, recently arrested for an alleged assault upon Miss Emma Cole, a pretty young domestic in the employ of a friend whom he had been visiting, was indicted before the court to-day for criminal assault. A jury was impaneled and the accused Baron was at once put in the dock. Miss Cole on the witness stand related the details of the assault, and at the conclusion of her testimony the jury retired and in ten minutes returned with a verdict of guilty. Sentence has been deferred until the next session of court.

Suit Against Bierman.

J. W. Aretander, as attorney for Gulsteth Myra & Co., of Fargo, editors of *Den Norske Amerikener* has filed a complaint in the District Court of Kandiyohi County, in an action against Adolph Bierman, late Democratic candidate for Governor, brought to recover the sum of eight hundred and eighty dollars being for eight thousand copies of the said paper and other campaign documents printed for Bierman during the fall election. If the case is fought in the courts some rich matters in the way of letters will be developed that, it is said, will strike consternation in the Democratic camp.

A Portland, Oregon, boy got seven years for killing a playmate.

SUMMONS.
STATE OF MINNESOTA,
COUNTY OF CROW WING.
District Court, 11th Judicial District.
ANNIE E. VANCE, Plaintiff,
Against
ROBERT VANCE Defendant.
The State of Minnesota to the above named defendant:
You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the undersigned at the office of the City of Brainerd, in said county, within twenty days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint.
Dated March 25th, 1904.
C. B. SLEEPER,
Plaintiff's Attorney,
Brainerd, Minn.

SUMMONS.
STATE OF MINNESOTA,
COUNTY OF CROW WING.
District Court, 11th Judicial District.
Wm. C. CLIFFORD, Plaintiff,
Against
Wm. C. CLIFFORD, Defendant.
The State of Minnesota to the above named defendant:
You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the undersigned at his office in the City of Brainerd, in said county, within thirty days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint.
Dated April 4th, A. D. 1904.
C. B. SLEEPER,
Plaintiff's Attorney,
Brainerd, Minn.

NOTICE.
U. S. Land Office, St. Cloud, Minn.,
April 22, 1904.
Complaint having been entered at this office by Edward W. Erickson against Henry White for abandoning his Homestead Entry No. 10,873, dated March 31, 1893, upon the 6 1/2 sec. 26, township 44, range 20, in Crow Wing county, Minn., with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 30th day of June, 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m. to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.
D. H. FREEMAN, Register,
W. B. MITCHELL, Receiver.

NOTICE.
U. S. Land Office, St. Cloud, Minn.,
April 22, 1904.
Complaint having been entered at this office by John Savage against Alexander Cameron for abandoning his Homestead Entry No. 12,330, dated Oct. 15, 1893, upon the lots 3, 4 and 5 sec. 26, township 44, range 20, in Crow Wing county, Minn., with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 30th day of June, 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m. to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.
D. H. FREEMAN, Register,
W. B. MITCHELL, Receiver.

NOTICE.
U. S. Land Office, St. Cloud, Minn.,
April 22, 1904.
Complaint having been entered at this office by John Savage against Alexander Cameron for abandoning his Homestead Entry No. 12,330, dated Oct. 15, 1893, upon the lots 3, 4 and 5 sec. 26, township 44, range 20, in Crow Wing county, Minn., with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 30th day of June, 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m. to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.
D. H. FREEMAN, Register,
W. B. MITCHELL, Receiver.

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Sale of State Lands.
State of Minnesota—Land Office.
St. Paul, March 24, 1904.
Notice is hereby given that W. W. Brainerd will offer Public Sale at the Office of the Land Office in Brainerd on Saturday May 8, 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m. on the terms prescribed by law, the school Lands in Crow Wing and Cass counties that have been appraised and are now on file in the Land Office, and forfeited by reason of failure to pay interest for two or more years.
Lands of Lands to be offered may be seen at the Auditor's Office for ten days prior to the sale.
W. W. Brainerd,
Commissioner of the State Land Office.

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NOTICE.
U. S. LAND OFFICE, ST. CLOUD, MINN.,
April 10, 1904.
Complaint having been entered at this office by Daniel Parker against Joseph Chrysler for abandoning Homestead Entry No. 12,143, dated Oct. 25, 1892, upon the 6 1/2 sec. 7, and 6 1/2 sec. 8, township 45, range 31, in Crow Wing county, Minn., with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 30th day of June, 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m. to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.
D. H. FREEMAN, Register,
W. B. MITCHELL, Receiver.

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Call on C. B. SLEEPER or GEO. A. KEENE, Sleeper Block, Brainerd, Minn.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at St. Cloud, Minn., March 25, 1904.
Notice hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, to wit: Daniel Parker, against Joseph Chrysler for abandoning Homestead Entry No. 12,143, dated Oct. 25, 1892, upon the 6 1/2 sec. 7, and 6 1/2 sec. 8, township 45, range 31, in Crow Wing county, Minn., with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 30th day of June, 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m. to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.
D. H. FREEMAN, Register,
W. B. MITCHELL, Receiver.

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Yellowstone National Park, DEER LODGE, BUTTE CITY, MISSOULA, SPOKANE FALLS, WALLA WALLA, THE DELLER, OLYMPIA, TACOMA, SEATTLE, VICTORIA, B. C., All Points in BRITISH COLUMBIA AND ALASKA, SALEM, ALBANY, AND BOSEBURG, ORE.
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